

THE
DEATH KNELL IS TOLLING
QUARTETTE

A Requiem to the memory of our late beloved President.

Abraham Lincoln,

Written by

Hon. H. H. Cody

MUSIC BY

J. F. FARGO.



CHICAGO.

Published by Lyon & Healy Cor. Clark & Washington Sts.

Gems.
J. Church Jr.

N. York
W. A. Pendleton & Co.

Boston
G. Bremer & Co.

London
J. C. Haynes & Co.

Paris
E. W. A. Trumper.

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THE DEATH KNELL IS TOLLING

Words by Hon: H.H. CODY.

Music by J. F. FARGO.

Solemn.

Organ or Piano

P

SOPRANO.

1. The death knell is tolling, the flag at half-mast, The land drap'd in mourning, we

ALTO.

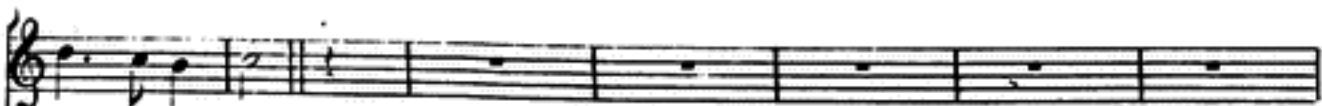
2. Yes, peacefully sleeps, heeding not the foul hand That is stain'd with the choicest life,

TENOR.

3. O God of our Fathers! we look up to thee; In this hour of sadness, here

BASS.

ORGAN.



all stand aghast, As the tidings so fearful are borne to our ears; And to day we are



blood of the land; Heeding not the wild waves of anguish that roll O'er the hearts of all



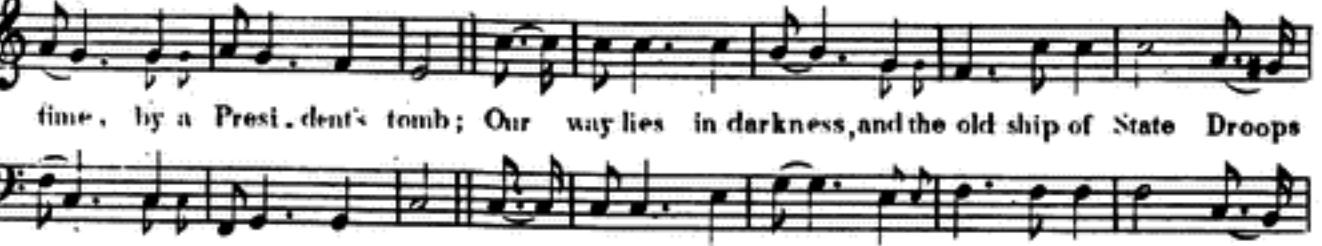
bending the knee; We crave thy protection in the midst of the gloom, As we stand the third



bending in sorrow and tears O'er a President's grave, 'round a new . ly wrought tomb, Made



true men, chilling the soul, His mission accomplish'd, his life work is o'er, The



time, by a President's tomb; Our way lies in darkness, and the old ship of State Droops



by deeds of such darkness that horror and gloom, Spread a pall o'er the land while a great nation
 tumults of earth shall disturb him no more; Great Martyr of Freedom! he has gone to his
 colors in mourning, o'er her Captain's sad fate; But with Thee at the helm, our flag shall still

 Coda. Adagio: (for last verse only.)
 weeps, O'er the form of the dead who so peacefully sleeps. Sleep, sleep, sleep, Lincoln sleep, sleep.
 God, And were left to weep, and Pass under the rod? *mf p pp mf pp ppp*
 wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave? Sleep, sleep, sleep, Lincoln sleep, sleep.
mf p pp mf pp ppp